The Sketch

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THE HON. MRS. SHERMAN STONOR AND HER QUARTET.

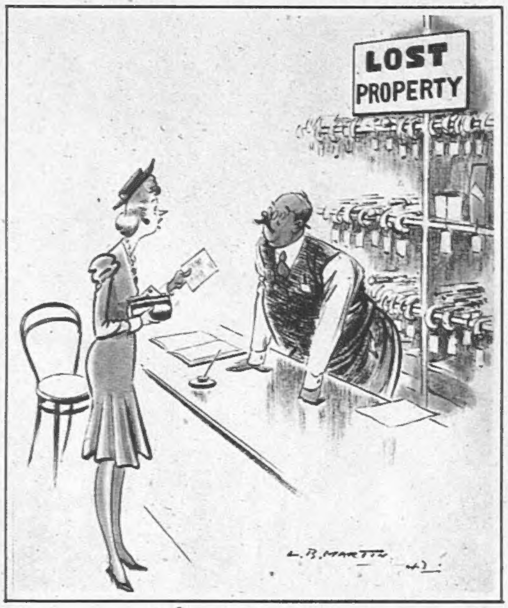
The HON. MRS. SHERMAN STONOR *is the wife of Major the Hon. Sherman Stonor, Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire L.I., only son and heir of Lord Camoys, of Stonor Park, Oxon. Before her marriage in 1938 she was Miss Jeanne Stourton. The children are* JULIA, THOMAS, GEORGINA, *and baby* HARRIET. *Mrs. Stonor leads a busy life, as she is Rural District Councillor, a member of the Women's Auxiliary Police Corps, and during her husband's absence she runs the Stonor estate.*

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY MARCUS ADAMS, THE CHILDREN'S STUDIO, 43, DOVER STREET.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

All Flesh is Grass. Let me observe, with deep conviction, that I have discovered what the pessimist meant when he said that all flesh was grass. It looks to me as if a good deal of my flesh were going to grass in the form of sweat, blood and tears. Not a drop of juice for the motor-mower—and the daisies and dandelions standing up everywhere and laughing at me! The choice before me, as far as I can see, is chronic lumbago through the slavery of the hand-mower, or the Chinese torture of death-by-the-thousand-cuts through unskilful use of the scythe. One has to be born and bred a scytheman, and that is not my fortunate lot; I am too old to begin learning the technique of this secret weapon, and if I slice my legs off nobody will give me a farthing of Workmen's Compensation. In my opinion, the residents of Timbuctoo are fortunate in having no grass to look after. Grass is a fraud. It's all very jolly to look at—so much of it, that is, as is not plantains—but it is a merciless and unscrupulous tyrant, and there is far too much of it littered about the place.



Ingénue: "Have you had a stripe brought in here, please? My boy writes to say that when he got back from leave to Aldershot . . . he found he'd lost his stripe."

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

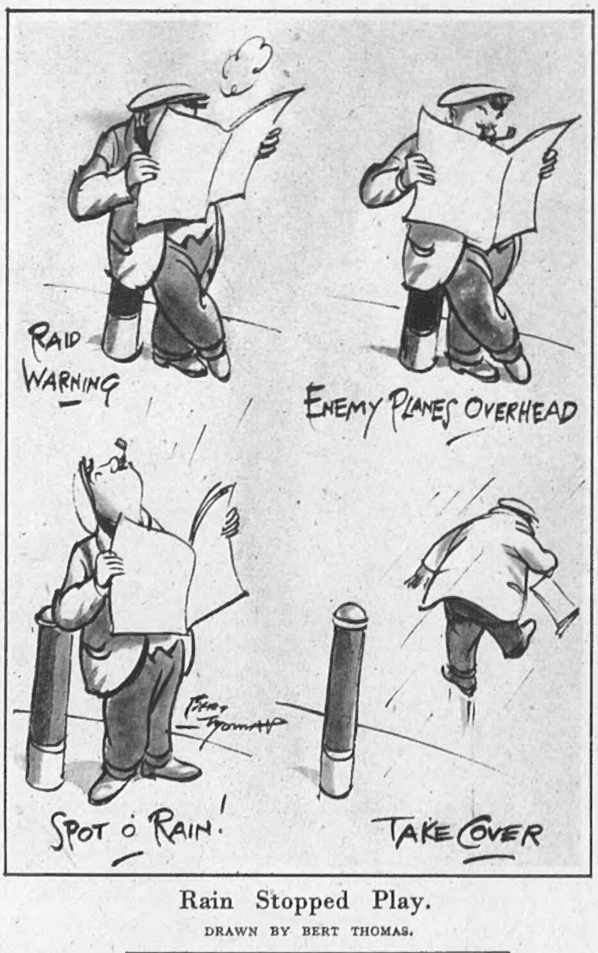
The Cynic of Whitehall. There is one man who is entirely insensible to the charms of nature, and I pity that man. He is the Chancellor of the Exchequer. I pity him, I say, on his low and sordid view of human nature. I admit that he has to pay for the war somehow, and I also admit that I don't know exactly how that is to be done; but I do not like a man who openly preys upon the vices and weaknesses of his fellow-men. This cigarette which I am about to light, to stimulate cerebration, is costing me about 1½*d.*; it is a monstrous price to pay for undermining my constitution, but this cynic knows that I will smoke it all the same. He knows that there are enslaved, degenerate persons who *will* go on drinking waterlogged beer at a shilling a glass, and he has no scruple about exploiting their pathetic infirmity. In his cold, inhuman way, he has calculated that, incredible though it may seem, profligates will spend the price of a couple of nourishing British Restaurant meals on a single exiguous whisky-and-soda. I suppose that this is the way that the predatory financial mind has always worked for the exploitation of frail humanity. It may be very astute, and the House of Commons seems to think it so, but there is something very depressing about it to a person of liberal instincts.

All is Not Gold. However, I ought not to criticise the financial mind, because it is one of those aspects of human nature from which I prefer to avert my eyes. I have studied the Keynes Plan with close attention—that is to say, I have glanced at a snappy summary of it between mouthfuls of porridge at breakfast—but I do not propose, at the moment, to offer any comments on it. My reasons are two: first, because this is not a financial column; and, second, because I do not understand a word about it. My impression is that some of the snappy summarists, who start off very breezily but soon degenerate into technical jargon which I consider is deliberately intended to confuse me, are in much the same condition as myself. For years past, I have eagerly followed City Editors and other pundits on the Gold Standard; and I have come to the conclusion that the flow of bullion, taken in conjunction with the ratio of fiduciary issues and the floating balances of short-term Treasury Bills, does not entirely stabilise the fluctuations of the trade cycle, especially when one considers the operation of Gresham's Law. I suspect that the same difficulty may arise about Bancor, but I do not wish to be dogmatic. However, I will not go into technical details, because I find that they have a marked deflationary influence upon me. Meanwhile, I am personally in favour of a liberal issue of cheap money.

Artless Arabella: "Is this the enemy jamming us, Aloysius, or merely one of our own dance orchestras?"

DRAWN BY PITTS.

Lord Bountiful. Another burning economic question with which I will not trouble you, especially as it is now somewhat ancient history, is the Catering Wages Bill. I was, however, interested to see that several courageous Members made a determined attack on one of our ancient and



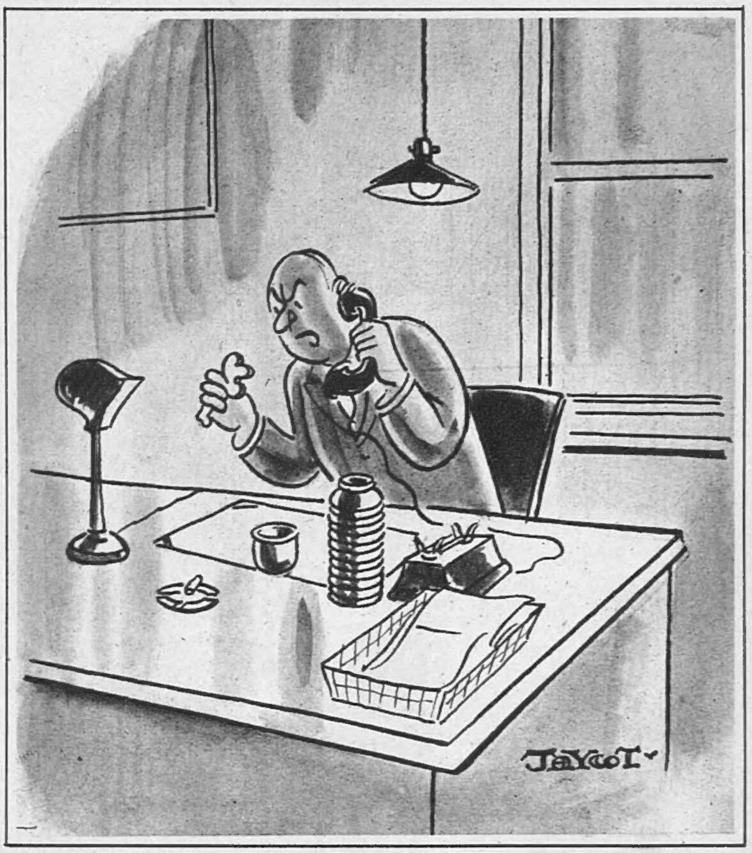
Rain Stopped Play.

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

unresolved social problems—that of tipping. Tipping, unlike mercy, is doubly curst; it curses him that gives and him that takes. It is a constant nuisance and anxiety, because there is no fixed economic standard for it, and I doubt whether even Lord Keynes could devise a Unit for it. To the inexperienced it is a nightmare. I found myself once in that state of inexperience in India, the first time I stayed in an Indian hotel. I was leaving in the afternoon, and the first of the suppliants for largesse (whom I had never seen before) appeared at about 11 a.m. I began with vague amounts of rupees; the glad tidings of a sucker went round like wildfire, and by noon all the clans had gathered from the surrounding hills. It was soon evident that no pocketful of rupees would suffice; what I needed was a lakh. I had to be led away under police escort, in a false beard, but I believe I am still remembered in that district as Rockefeller Sahib.

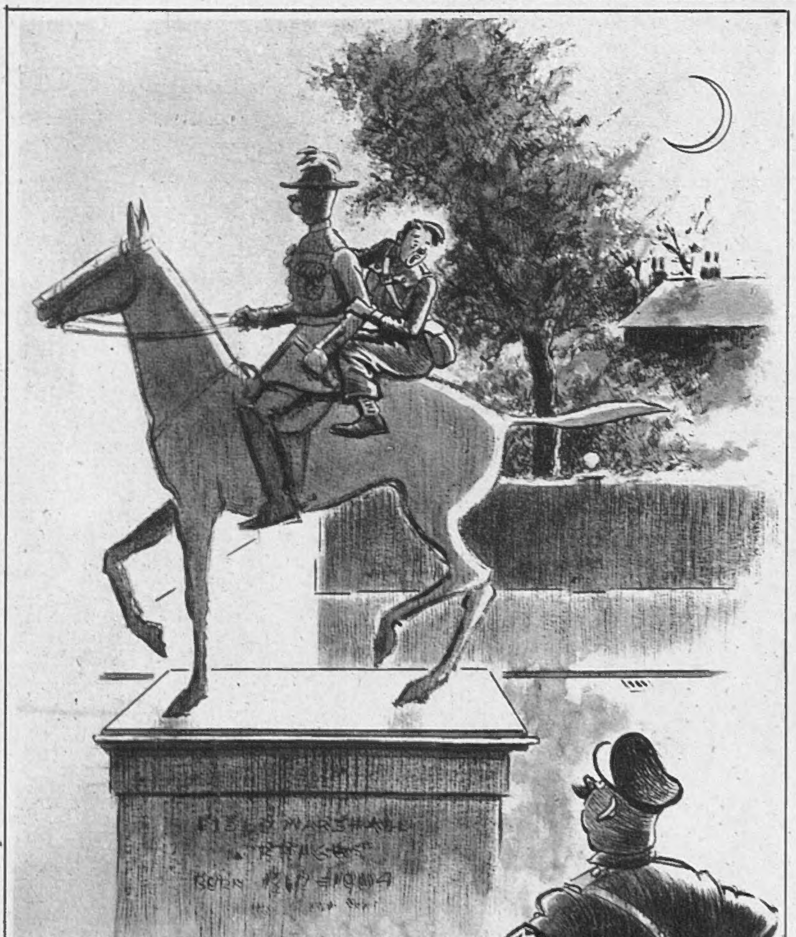
For Services Rendered. Agonies of mind are suffered by the innocent over this social pest. Some friends of mine were once on a cruise, and one of the passengers was a little retired schoolmistress who was spending the savings of years on this superlative adventure. The ship ran aground in a fog and the passengers had to take to the boats. As Miss Prism, all British calm and dignity, took her place in the boat, she was heard to observe: "Well, it 's all very tiresome and disappointing, but at least it gets rid of all that horrid business about the tips." We are taught that it is more blessed to give than to receive, but there is no blessedness about giving when you wonder—and which of us has escaped that misery of mind?—whether you have given too much or too little, whether the butler thinks you a fool or a niggard and whether his "Thank you, Sir," was grateful or ironical? They talk of "class distinctions" in this country; the real classification is between two classes—those who do, and those who do not, accept coin in the palm. What a world of difference between a cheque for a guinea and a pound-note slipped into the hand! I don't know about the classless society, but I am all for the tipless society; but I 'm bound to say that my experience in ultra-democratic countries is that the tips are still there, only they are more expensive.

The Snows of Yesteryear. Let me turn from these sordid matters of lucre to questions of art and entertainment. There is, as in all wars, an insatiable appetite for light relief from what are called the "grim realities"; call it escapism, if you like, but why should we not escape sometimes into the unreal, provided that we do not take up permanent quarters in it? Can anybody please tell me what has happened to all our playwrights and musicians? Is nobody capable of giving us a "bright show" of the day? Where are the "Bing Boys" of 1943, or the "Chu Chin Chow," or all those Palace revues which made a fortnight's leave in 1916 still a thing to remember? All round me I see nothing but revivals of the shows of twenty, thirty and forty years ago. And somehow the glory has departed from them—or is it just that I have one foot in the grave? I should be ready to concede so much if I saw a wealth of talent of a new generation; but I see only the borrowing, and sometimes the stealing, of the talent of former generations. We thought our tunes and our turns pretty good in the brave old days, and evidently we were right, because our children seem to think them pretty good, too—anyhow, they do not seem able to provide any substitutes of their own. This is one up to the old 'uns, but it is also distressing to them.



Henry: "You and your jig-saw puzzles. . . . I 've just found a bit of Winston Churchill in my coffee!"

DRAWN BY JAYCOT.



The Patriot: "I shay, it takes longer to get there, but look at th' petrol we 're shaving!"

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

Under a Bushel. Every playhouse is crowded, and the managers, we are told, are clamorous for plays; but where are the plays? I do not see any new name emerging in the theatre; and some of the old names, which were very prominent before the war, seem to be completely under a bushel. It cannot be that everybody who would be ministering to our entertainment is "otherwise engaged"; for war, even total war, does not suppress art. Everybody is asking, Where are our poets? Is there nothing in this war which moves the poet to large utterance? One would have thought so—or is it that the things that are happening every day in the world of reality are so tremendous, indeed, so incredible, that they leave the imagination discouraged? I do not know the explanation, but it seems to me very strange, and a little perturbing, that what is happening to us, and to humanity, should not excite either the tragic or the comic muse. Is it all being saved up for us until *after* the war, and are we going to have another outbreak of the Neurotic and

[Continued overleaf.

Continued.]

the Lost Generation Schools? The prospect does not attract me; besides, we shall all be too busy planning the New World.

Virtuous Lady: "Excuse me . . . are you a queue?"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

Q.E.D. And what fun we are going to have in it! When we receive by every post a communication from a Ministry, with forms enclosed "for completion and return," life certainly will not lack charm or incident. The unsuspected riches of the English language which the Departmental mind can open up to us have to be read to be believed. I have been making a little collection of them, and I am indebted to the *Daily Express* for the following prize specimen. It is a sub-section of Ministry of Food Form G215: "In calculating the points available for use with deposit slip PP2 for ration period number 9, a deduction will be made equivalent to 10 per cent. of the points deposited by retailers in the PP1 envelope in respect of ration period number 7. Thus the number of points available for use by retailers in period 9 will be the sum of the points carried forward from the deposit slip for ration period 8 and the points value of the coupons received during period 8 and deposited in the PP1 envelope for period 8, less 10 per cent. of the points deposited in PP1 envelope for ration period 7. The deduction will be entered as a *minus* quantity at (*c*). of Part A of the deposit slip PP2." What is more, the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides of a right-angled triangle (at least, I think so). Yes, gentle, or infuriated, reader, this is not a dream following on a lobster supper; it is part of the way in which our Ruling Class runs the greatest war in history.

The Queen's English. This is one kind of English from high quarters; but, fortunately, there are other kinds. Whenever I hear the Queen broadcast, I go all monarchical and medieval, and wish that I had a silken cloak (never mind the coupons!) to cast down upon any adjacent puddle. But, apart from these political considerations, may a humble subject say without disrespect that not the least attraction of the Queen's radio personality is that her Majesty speaks the Queen's English? I would advise some of our smart young mumblers and slurrers and distorters to hearken unto it carefully, and they may then learn to speak their native tongue as it was meant to be spoken among persons who are supposed to be educated, and not as it is mangled in the cocktail bar and the studio—and even, I regret to say, sometimes on the stage.

The Rising Tide. I have always regarded water as a very dangerous fluid; and I am sorry to see that a craving for it is developing among our American visitors. Mr. Mabane has assured Miss Rathbone that the supply will be increased; but Miss Rathbone is not satisfied, and demands more "temperance drinks" at dances to prevent girls being "driven to beer." It is, I agree, dreadful to be driven to war beer, but it is more dreadful to be driven to war temperance drinks.

Brains Trust Question-Master: "The next question comes from Mr. William Sikes, who asks for the most effective way of removing unwanted finger-prints."

DRAWN BY PITTS.

The sixty-second of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

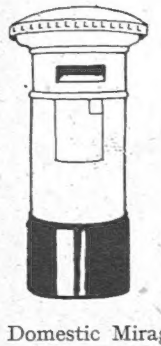
"ALONE! AT LAST!"

"OR, ARE WE?"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Faith has left her Hotel and returned to her house. The first thing she did when she got home was to summon the Conductor to help her with the housework. The Conductor, goaded into defiance by Lady B. and the thought of the awful Dan speeding nearer every moment, sent round a note to say that he was already engaged to help Henrietta. The next morning, at half-past seven, he walked into our bedroom with early-morning tea.

"Good God!" said Charles, sitting up in bed.

"I couldn't find the sugar, Henrietta," said the Conductor, who was wearing one of my aprons and appeared in low spirits.

Charles turned to me. "I thought he was a sort of Domestic Mirage," he said in an awed voice.

"Dearest Conductor," I said, "it is perfectly sweet of you to come and help me, but I really can manage alone, and I know you want to go to Faith."

"He walked into our bedroom with early-morning tea."

The Conductor sat down on my bed. "She had a cable from that Dan yesterday," he said. "He says he's going to arrive quite soon, and he's grown a beard."

"A beard, eh?" said Charles. "That's bad."

"Faith seems very excited about it," said the Conductor miserably.

Then the telephone went. It was Lady B. "Dan has grown a beard," she said.

"I know."

"Is the Conductor there?"

"He's sitting on my bed."

"Well, keep him there," said Lady B. "It's most important. Faith is just the sort of woman to be swept off her feet by a beard."

So the Conductor stayed. He proved a willing and not inefficient housemaid, but he worried all the time about Faith, and the awful Dan, and his Ducks, so that I was thrown into a state of depression, and was thankful when at about eleven o'clock he said he would have to go home and see if the ducks were all right.

Twenty minutes later he came back, carrying a duck under his arm. "It's Constance," he said. "She misses me terribly when I'm not there."

"Hullo, Constance," I said, holding out my hand. Constance pecked me viciously on the thumb.

"That was just a Love Peck," said the Conductor fondly.

"Well, I hope she never pecks me in anger," I said, sucking my thumb, which already showed an ugly red weal.

We put Constance on the lawn with some bread-and-milk in a saucer, but she seemed very unsettled, so we filled a tub with water and put it there too. Constance poked her head over the edge and stared hungrily at the water, quacking in a despairing way. "Poor darling," said the Conductor. "She can't get in."

So then we began hunting for bricks to make some steps. In the end we had to take them from the edge of the herbaceous border in places where they wouldn't be missed. When the steps were made Constance refused to have anything to do with them, and went and lay down under the mulberry-tree and sulked. But the Conductor bore her back and coaxed her up the steps. As she stood hesitating at the top, I gave her a malicious shove, for my thumb was still hurting, and the next minute she was splashing in the water, uttering hoarse, terrified cries, and flapping her wings.

The Conductor snatched her out and dried her with his handkerchief. He said the shock might easily put her off her lay, and gave me a reproachful look.

By now we were both very tired, and it was time to get the lunch. All through lunch the Conductor kept talking about the Patch on Faith's lung and asking Charles whether it would make her ill to do housework. Charles, who hated illness to be mentioned in his home, especially at meals, became very irritable and said that as Faith had somebody coming in to do the rough work and was going to the Hotel for her meals, it would probably do her good. A little work would be a nice change for her, he said, and anyway, he doubted whether she really had a Patch at all. The Conductor lapsed into moody silence.

After lunch Charles hurried away and the Conductor said he wanted to Spring-Clean the kitchen.

"Oh, Conductor, my Sweet, what a terrible suggestion!" I cried, for my back was aching and I was looking forward to a rest.

But the Conductor said work was the only thing which helped him not to worry about Faith and the Awful Dan speeding nearer and nearer with his Beard to sweep her off her feet. He looked so unhappy I had to agree to the Spring-Cleaning, and we had a very exhausting afternoon, complicated by Constance, who would keep walking into the kitchen. At last the Conductor got some rather dirty straw and made her a nest under the kitchen table, where she settled down and pecked at my ankles every time I passed.

"The next minute she was splashing in the water."

At four o'clock Faith rang up to know where the Conductor was.

"He's here," I said. "Spring-cleaning the kitchen, as a matter of fact."

"But he *knows* I'm back in my house," said Faith in a shocked voice.

"Quite likely," I answered carelessly. "I hear Dan has grown a Beard."

"Yes, he has," said Faith, but without a great deal of enthusiasm, and rang off.

Lady B. was delighted when she came in that evening after the Conductor had gone, and I told her about this. "Faith will be mad with jealousy before the week is out," she said.

"It's all very well for you," I said, throwing myself in exhaustion upon the sofa. "You haven't had a duck pecking your ankles all the afternoon, and been made to Spring-Clean the kitchen to stop the Conductor worrying."

"Poor darling Conductor!" said Lady B. "And poor Henrietta, too," she added hastily, catching my eye.

Then Charles came in with the news that Dan was flying from Gibraltar and might arrive any day.

"It wouldn't surprise me if he made a parachute descent on the Street," said Lady B. "It would be just like him. You must grapple the Conductor to you with hoops of steel, Henrietta."

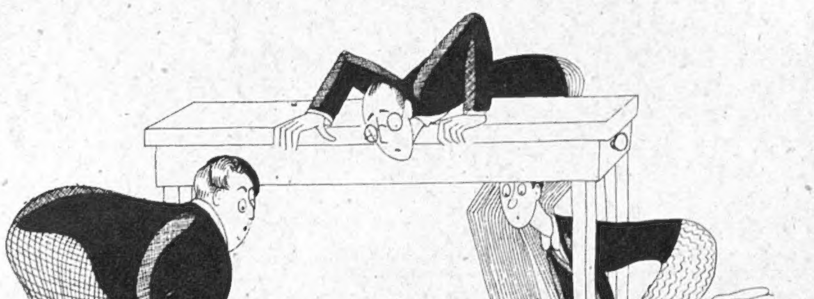
"Suppose you grapple him for a bit and give me a rest," I said.

"There is no room in my tiny flat for Ducks," said Lady B. firmly. "Besides," she added with a sigh, "I am too old to make any woman jealous."

Charles sat down on the arm of her chair and kissed her. "You wicked old Fraud," he said. "You know that isn't true."

Lady B. laughed. Then we all went out to the kitchen to inspect the Spring-Cleaning. What with Constance and the straw, it looked a good deal worse than before. But under the table, in Constance's nest, was—what do you think? Yes, Robert! And Charles had it for breakfast.

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.



"In Constance's nest was—what do you think?"

NO JOB TOO BIG OR TOO LITTLE: THE W.V.S. IN ACTION.

Tins, empty cotton-reels, rags, bones, books and bottles—all needed for the war effort! SORTING THE SALVAGE AT A W.V.S. DEPÔT.

Organising the distribution of COLLECTING-BOXES AND FLAGS *for Hospital Flag Day.*

REPAIRING AND CLEANING BABIES' GAS-MASKS: *One of the many important tasks undertaken by members of the W.V.S.*

W.V.S. workers helping the staff nurse to SERVE TEA AT A CHILDREN'S CRÈCHE.

PLAYTIME INSTRUCTION *by W.V.S. helpers: Teaching three little boys how to build a fort.*

THE motto of the WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES might well be "No job too big or too little," for the activities carried on by the million and a half members of this remarkable organisation include every conceivable work. On this page we illustrate a few of the useful tasks undertaken by a group of the efficient corps at a West London Borough where they work under the leadership of the Controller and two W.V.S. assistants. Many of the helpers are older women with household and family responsibilities who yet manage to find time to do the "odd jobs" not covered by other services, but essential to the nation's war effort. [PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.]

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

THERE is a bitter pleasure in turning from Julien Duvivier's new, shining Hollywood epic, "Tales of Manhattan," to his old, unostentatious "LA FIN DU JOUR," which you can seen at Studio One with French dialogue and English sub-titles. "La Fin du Jour" was the last film Duvivier made before he left the Old World and the life and cinema he understood. The present copy has been buried—literally buried—somewhere in England, along with "Derrière la Façade" and a few other French films, since just before the fall of France. Very quiet in key, simple in story and exquisitely acted by Louis Jouvet, Victor Francen, Michel Simon and others, it turns out to be one of the great Duvivier films, in the tradition of "Un Carnet du Bal" and "Pépé le Moko."

"La Fin du Jour" is the story of a home for old indigent actors, somewhere in the south of France. Over the door runs the motto, "*Sol lucet omnibus.*" Here, in the sun, amongst green lawns, in high, shady salons, sixty old people from the French theatre live out their last days. A few of them have been talented. Not many have been successful. But all of them, in their way, have lived for the theatre. Acting is to them the grace and essence of life. They still act. They act to each other. The turning of a page in a newspaper is a gesture. They don't come and go. They make exits and entrances. They speak lines at the dinner-table. At nights they lie in their beds and dream of long-silenced applause.

It is an eventful day for the old people when ex-matinée idol M. St. Clair (Louis Jouvet) arrives. St. Clair's hair is grey now, and his walk is a little stiff, but he still holds himself erect; he still takes the eye of the women; he still believes himself the immortal Don Juan. His arrival at the Home is a star's entrance. It is greeted with applause as "a great loss to the stage, but an honour for our house." Old ladies, who still cherish tender memories of the days when they were his first loves, bring him flowers. One of them shows him a faded portrait of a boy with the St. Clair face. If the child had lived, she tells him, he would be twenty-eight to-day. "Just the age for a *jeune premier*," observes the consistent father.

A colder reunion takes place between St. Clair and the embittered actor Marny (Victor Francen), whose wife has left him long ago, and who believes that St. Clair was responsible for her death. When he sees the same tragedy likely to repeat itself in the infatuation of a young waitress (Madeleine Ozeray) for St. Clair, Marny knows that his suspicions were correct.

The story of the immortal Don Juan is really the central theme of "La Fin du Jour." But there are other threads of stories intertwined. There is the story of the old couple who have never married, but been faithful to one another for thirty-five years. There is the story of the practical joker (Michel Simon), whose bad luck it has been to understudy healthy actors all his life, and whose last practical joke is also his best. There is the story of the Home's own failing finances, and even a hint of romance laid in a Boy Scouts' camp. All these threads are woven together with Duvivier's most felicitous touch, and make up a picture that is human, wise, witty and tender.

It is hard to say whether the mammoth "AIR FORCE" (Warner's) relies for its effect more on destruction or instruction. Certainly the charm of both is amply illustrated in this long, deafening tale of a Boeing B.17, and her encounters with the Japanese from end to end of the Pacific.

Our heroine, B.17 Mary Ann—after seeing this film you will shudder a little when the uninitiate speak of a Flying Fortress—sets out on a routine training flight from San Francisco to Hawaii on the eve—literally the eve—of Pearl Harbour. This, as you will appreciate if you know your geography, brings her nicely into the war zone as the shooting starts. Thereafter there is no rest for Mary Ann. She may make an emergency landing on some shattered airfield for refuelling and repairs, but the pilot's instructions are to keep her flying. She flies from Hawaii to Wake Island, from Wake to Manila, meeting and fighting Japs all the way. After joining in the Battle of the Coral Seas—she was, we learn for the first time, actually *responsible* for the Battle of the Coral Seas—she reaches Australia. At the last sight her crew are seen setting off to bomb Tokyo, although it is not very clear whether Mary Ann herself has survived to take part in this operation.

"Air Force" starts quietly enough, with no sound more disturbing than the roar of the great engines, but gradually works up in a crescendo of noise and fury. During the last reels, you might think you were spending a night in the London barrage. Japanese 'planes fall about you in splinters, Japanese ships are blown sky-high, all the bombs dropped by Mary Ann and her sister Boeings apparently registering direct hits on the target.

Lest the sheer pleasure of destruction pall, the film also provides a technical study of the B.17 that will delight those of a mechanical turn of mind. I don't suppose you could *quite* fly a Boeing after watching "Air Force," but you would know quite enough about its armament, its instruments and its engines to sound reasonably impressive to your younger relations. There is really little for the cast to do, except to man a gun with zest and keep the Mary Ann flying. John Garfield, Gig Young, Harry Carey and the rest of the crew seem quite equal to these practical tasks, and are even now and then, such as anger, this is rather more advanced—allowed to register a simple emotion determination, anxiety and—although the love of a man for his Boeing.

Monty Woolley, the noted Beard of "Pied Piper" and "The Man Who Came to Dinner," has another of his patriarchal rôles in "THE LIGHT OF HEART" (Tivoli and New Gallery). This time he appears as a celebrated actor who has retired from the stage to devote himself whole-heartedly to the bottle. Every now and then a producer, mindful of the Beard's great days, takes a chance, and casts him in some little thing like "That's all, Brother," or "King Lear." But it soon becomes apparent to the clear eye of love that the old gentleman is going downhill fast, that he will return more and more frequently to the stolen gin bottle or the kitchen sherry.

Ida Lupino, as the Beard's crippled daughter, represents the clear eye of love. For years she has sacrificed herself to her father's whims, shut herself up in a stuffy apartment house, given up a musical career

THE BEST THEATRES.

Starred by "The Sketch." ******=highest value.***

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler, Margaretta Scott. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.

*Ambassadors: "A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF." Revival with Henry Kendall, Chili Bouchier, Olga Lindo.

***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

**Cambridge: "HEARTBREAK HOUSE." Revival—Mervyn Johns, Edith Evans, Isabel Jeans, Deborah Kerr.

*Coliseum: "IT'S FOOLISH, BUT IT'S FUN." Revue with Nervo and Knox.

***Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's Play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker.

*Garrick: "BRIGHTON ROCK." Graham Greene's novel dramatised, with Hermione Baddeley.

*Globe: "THEY CAME TO A CITY." New Priestley play with Ada Reeve.

**Hippodrome: "LET'S FACE IT." Bobby Howes, Pat Kirkwood, Joyce Barbour. Cole Porter music.

*Lyric: "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS." Revival with Irene Vanbrugh, Nicholas Hannen, Barbara Mullen, John Stuart.

**New: BALLET. Robert Helpmann, Margot Fonteyn and the Sadler's Wells Ballet. Conductor Constant Lambert.

**Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.

**Palladium: "BEST BIB AND TUCKER." Tommy Trinder and Co. again.

*Phœnix: "LOVE FOR LOVE." Congreve comedy with John Gielgud, Yvonne Arnaud, Angela Baddeley, Leon Quartermaine.

*Piccadilly: "SLEEPING OUT." Farce. Gene Gerrard, Ellen Pollock, Gus McNaughton.

*Playhouse: "ABRAHAM LINCOLN." The Old Vic Company with Herbert Lomas.

**Prince of Wales: "STRIKE A NEW NOTE." George Black's new revue, with the rising generation.

**St. James's: "A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY." Turgenev comedy perfectly done, with Michael Redgrave, Valerie Taylor, Ronald Squire.

**St. Martin's: "CLAUDIA." Pamela Brown and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

**Saville: "JUNIOR MISS." Comedy with the accent on youth. Joan White, Peggy Cummins.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

**Strand: "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE." Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

*Vaudeville: "MEN IN SHADOW." Sabotage in France. Michael Wilding.

*Westminster: "HEDDA GABLER." Ibsen revival with Sonia Dresdel and Walter Hudd.

*Winter Garden: "THE VAGABOND KING." Revival—Webster Booth, Tessa Deane.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre to avoid disappointment.

"Night Plane from Chungking" (Plaza) recounts the adventures of a strangely assorted group of travellers who fall into Japanese hands when their 'plane is shot down near the Indian frontier. STEVE GERAY *plays the Rev. Dr. van der Lieden;* OTTO KRUGER *is Albert Pasavy, a European of unknown nationality, and Ann Richards, U.S.A. Red Cross nurse, is played by* ELLEN DREW *(behind driver).*

She has suppressed a yearning for marriage and motherhood, partly on account of her crippled foot, but largely out of duty to poor old dad. Miss Lupino, by the way, wears a surgical boot on one foot, but what can be seen of her legs is okay by any standards.

During one of the Beard's heavier debauches, a young man (Cornel Wilde) who writes music comes into Miss Lupino's life. The young man lives across the landing, takes an interest in the cripple, looks at her leg and sees her soul, and wants to marry her. Hustling things along, he has the wedding fixed, the tickets to Los Angeles bought — Hollywood "wants" him, though whether as a musician or on account of the way he wears his ties is never made quite clear—when the Beard gets wind of the arrangement, and indulges in a really outsize super-binge. This takes place an hour before the Beard's come-back performance as King Lear, an engagement for which they have improvidently failed to provide him with an understudy.

"The Light of Heart" (New Gallery), Emlyn Williams' play screened by 20th Century-Fox, starring MONTY WOOLLEY *and* IDA LUPINO, *with* CORNEL WILDE, *is reviewed here.*

It is a pity that "The Light of Heart" should also be the heavy of hand. The film has been adapted from Emlyn Williams' stage play, and, as often happens in screen translations of successful plays, it retains a static quality that is sometimes wearisome. There has been little attempt to give the audience a change of air, to use the camera in any way as an enfranchisement, to get away from the obsession of the missing fourth wall. The characters tend just to line up there on the set and talk, while the camera stands up somewhere in the orchestra pit and shoots them. Under the circumstances, there is a suggestion that all the players—Mr. Woolley, Miss Lupino, Mr. Wilde, and Sarah Allgood, as his aunt—are delivering lines at second-hand. Some of the lines, particularly Mr. Woolley's are funny and shrewd. Others, particularly the tenderer passages between Miss Lupino and Mr. Wilde, are simply funny.

Pirates, as you may have noticed, have been out of favour lately in stories of adventure. Perhaps there is a feeling, even among the romancers, that the destroyer packs more punch with the youth of to-day than the full-rigged sailing-ship, and that the Jolly Roger has nothing on the White Ensign. Those with old-fashioned tastes, however, will be charmed to welcome the pirates back at the Odeon this week in "THE BLACK SWAN." There are quite a lot of pirates, the most conspicuous and active being Tyrone Power, George Sanders and Laird Cregar. These three are not only pirates, but pirate captains, reformed, partly reformed, or totally unregenerate—and the film is kept busy by their inexhaustible capacity for running foul of one another.

"The Black Swan" is from a historical romance of Rafael Sabatini's, and is concerned, so far as it can be said to be concerned with anything but high adventure, with the attempts of the Governor of Jamaica to restore law and order in the Caribbean. There is no lack of swordplay, fisticuffs, drinking, shooting and swashbuckling in the film, and even a glimpse of a Spanish torture-chamber, for those who relish macabre aspects of history.

"Lucky Jordan" (Plaza) stars ALAN LADD *in the name-part, and* HELEN WALKER, *stage-star but a newcomer to the screen. This picture, directed by Frank Tuttle, is the story of a racketeer drafted into the Army who gets mixed up in a sabotage plot.*

All this is shown in the glossiest Technicolor, which gives an expensive look to the costumes of such as wear them. Mr. Power, as the leading pirate, doesn't go in much for costume, spending most of his time stripped to the waist, in the interests of unrestricted action. Since even pirates must have some sort of a home life, there is a girl in the piece, played by Maureen O'Hara. Miss O'Hara isn't a pirate, simply a Governor's daughter. But she is effectually kidnapped by Mr. Power before the big sea battle, in time to crown victory with love.

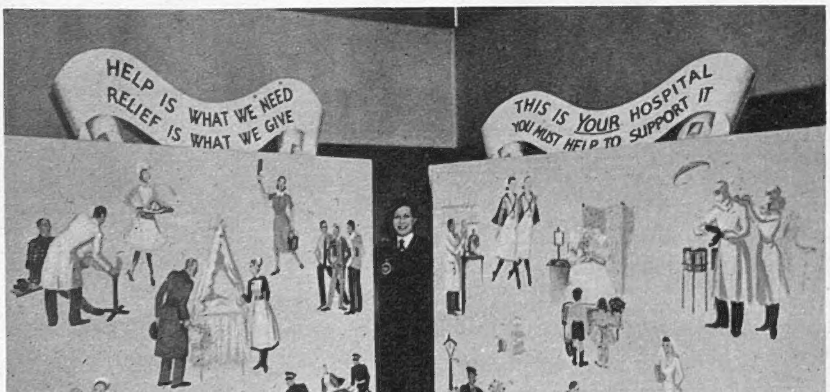
SHEILA BLIGH *(left) and* VIRGINIA RILEY *are two Miss Londons of "Miss London Ltd." (Leicester Square Theatre, May 7), a light-hearted back-stage Gainsborough picture with Arthur Askey, Evelyn Dall, Richard Hearne.*

The bridal "coach" in which FLIGHT LIEUT. BASIL CHAPIN, D.S.C., R.A.F., *and his bride,* MISS CHERRY BARKER, *drove from the church after their wedding was an old governess cart.*

SURGEON-LIEUT. J. W. FROST, R.C.N.V.R., *and* SECTION OFFICER J. LESLIE-CARTER, W.A.A.F., *daughter of Mr. A. Leslie-Carter, were married at St. Jude's-on-the-Hill, Hampstead Garden Suburb.*

The HON. HAROLD BUTLER, *Director-General of British Information Services in the U.S.A. (with the rank of Minister in the Embassy, Washington), with* JOAN FONTAINE *and* MR. ERIC A. CLEUGH, *British Consul in Los Angeles, on the set of "Jane Eyre."*

Right: MRS. F. A. M. BROWNING (DAPHNE DU MAURIER) *is the wife of Major-General F. A. M. Browning, C.B., D.S.O., who commands the Airborne Forces. Her new novel, "Hungry Hill," is published to-day, May 5, and her successful play, "Rebecca," has been revived at the Scala.*



MISS ANNA K. ZINKEISEN *(in private life Mrs. Guy Heseltine) has completed these two mural paintings which will be hung in the Appeals Department, St. Mary's Hospital. She is wearing her St. John of Jerusalem Ambulance uniform.*

The marriage of LADY SARAH CHURCHILL *to* LIEUT. EDWIN F. RUSSELL *is fixed for May 15. Lieut. Russell is an American ex-journalist who left his job to join the R.N.V.R. He has just transferred to the U.S. Naval Reserve.*

WEDDINGS, ENGAGEMENTS, ART AND OTHER SUBJECTS

LLEAN ROBERT, THE MACLAINE OF CHBUIE, married MISS NOREEN OLIVIA EADON, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Col. Vernon Beadon. He wears the Army ...ing Badge.

MR. RAYMOND ALEXANDER CARNEGIE, *Scots Guards, son of Commander the Hon. Alexander Carnegie, R.N., married* MISS PATRICIA E. TREVOR DAWSON, *youngest daughter of Lieut.-Commander Sir Trevor Dawson, at the Guards' Chapel.*

LIEUT. IVAR COLQUHOUN, R.A., *eldest son of Sir Iain Colquhoun of Luss, married* MISS KATHLEEN DUNCAN, *second daughter of the late Mr. W. A. Duncan and of Mrs. Duncan, of Gorhambury, St. Albans, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields.*

MRS. MARK PILKINGTON, *daughter of the late Hon. Alec Hen...son and of Lady (Murrough) Wilson, is enga...d to* F/O. CHARLES PRETZLIK, R.A.F.V.R., *son of Mr. Charles Pretzlik.*

MISS MARY CADBURY, *only daughter of Mr. George Cadbury, is engaged to Major A. P. de T. (Tony) Daniell, R.E., second son of the late Mr. H. T. Daniell.*

MRS. H. G. MALCOLM, *here seen with baby* CARINA MALCOLM, *is the widow of Acting Wing Commander Hugh Gordon Malcolm, R.A.F., who has been awarded a posthumous V.C. for conspicuous gallantry in the North African campaign.*

This FINE BUNCH OF BANANAS *has taken up no shipping space. It was grown at a convalescent home somewhere in Cambridgeshire.*

The marriage of the MARQUESS OF DONEGALL, *the well-known journalist, to* MISS GLADYS JEAN COMBE, *younger daughter of the late Captain Christian Combe and Lady Jane Combe, took place last week at St. George's, Hanover Square.*

PEOPLE AND NEWS OF THE WEEK REVIEWED BY CAMERA.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MRS. BEATRICE WRIGHT—*for giving the Mother of Parliaments her first granddaughter.*

MRS. BEATRICE WRIGHT, Conservative M.P. for Bodmin and Britain's youngest woman M.P., is the first M.P. to become a mother while an M.P. She is the wife of Captain Paul H. G. Wright, of the K.R.R.C.

MORE than 3000 people attended the reception and ball held at the Seville Palace of the Duke of Alba, Spanish Ambassador to Britain, on the coming out of his only daughter, the seventeen-year-old MARQUESA DE SAN VICENTE DEL BARCO—a record for a wartime party.

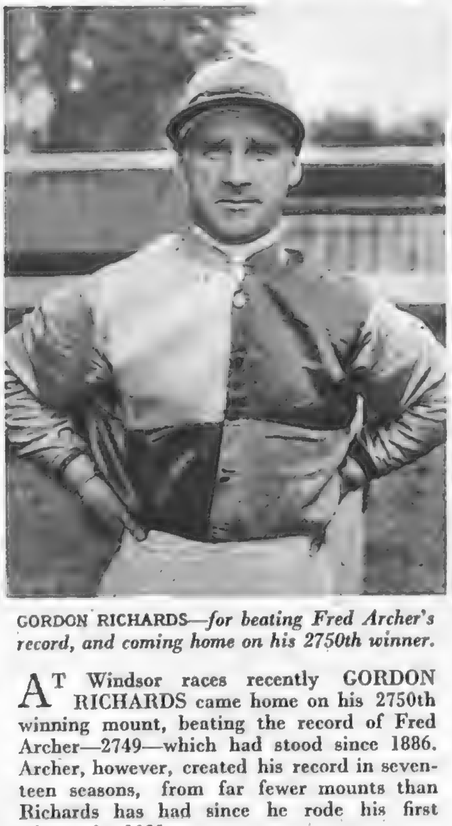
THE MARQUESA DE SAN VICENTE DEL BARCO—*for having over 3000 guests at her coming-of-age party in wartime.*

JUNIOR COMMANDER ROSEMARY BROOKE, A.T.S., *daughter of the C.I.G.S.—for being a chip of the old Brooke.*

JUNIOR COMMANDER ROSEMARY BROOKE, A.T.S., daughter of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Sir Alan Brooke, has very suitably got into uniform to follow in a sense in the footsteps of her father. The noble regiment of dogs photographed with her are named Marcus and Margo, with pups Minna, Miragold and Murphy.

THIS JUNIOR OFFICER—*for having a solid silver setting in which to enjoy his five-inch bath.*

A DOMINION Junior Officers' Club has been opened in Grosvenor Street in the former home of the late Sir Edgar Speyer. Among the luxurious appointments of the house is a silver bath, sunk in tiles, polished, and in working order, with water gushing from the mouth of a silver lion, in which any subaltern may splash happily in the morning.



GORDON RICHARDS—*for beating Fred Archer's record, and coming home on his 2750th winner.*

AT Windsor races recently GORDON RICHARDS came home on his 2750th winning mount, beating the record of Fred Archer—2749—which had stood since 1886. Archer, however, created his record in seventeen seasons, from far fewer mounts than Richards has had since he rode his first winner in 1921.

MR. JAMES MASON—*for being a remarkably good imitation of a bad man.*

MR. JAMES MASON is to play the part of Laval in a film called "Woman of France," starting production shortly at Shepherd's Bush. As can be seen, he makes an extraordinarily good duplicate of the French quisling. This Gainsborough picture will tell the story of Pierre Laval's life from his early days as French deputy down to the fall of France. Mr. Mason played in "Hatter's Castle" and "Thunder Rock" films.

"EXTREME SATISFACTION" IN OTTAWA.

MR. ANTHONY EDEN, *British Foreign Secretary, and* MR. MACKENZIE KING, *Canadian Premier, faced the camera after Mr. Eden had addressed the Canadian House of Commons. Their faces radiate that "extreme satisfaction" which Mr. Eden, on his return to this country, reported to have been felt by both sides after the conversations in the States and in the Dominion. He went to the U.S.A. on the invitation of the Government and was their guest, and during his stay had conversations with Mr. Cordell Hull and M. Litvinov, as well as with the President. He also visited the U.S. Army and Navy. On arrival in Canada he was met by Mr. Mackenzie King, and stayed at Government House with the Governor-General. Part of the speech which he delivered to the Canadian Parliament in Ottawa was in French.* [PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH, OTTAWA.]

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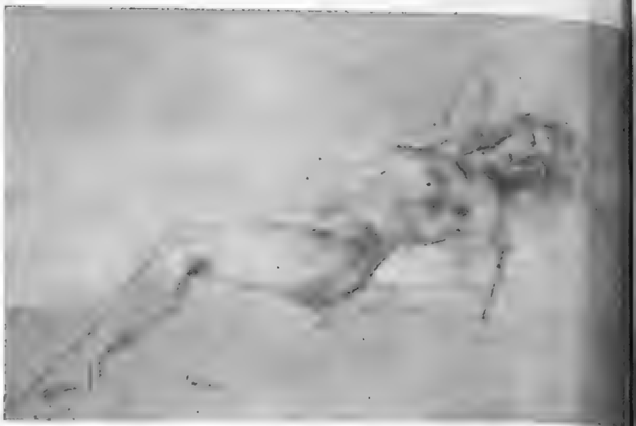
ROYAL ACADEM

"DIEPPE"; *by Richard Eurich, A.R.A. (Admiralty Artist).*
(PAINTED FOR THE NATION'S WAR RECORDS.)



"NUDE" *(Pencil); by A. K. Lawrence, R.A.*

"LONDON TRIUMPHANT IN THE FOURTH YEAR OF WAR, FROM THE DORCHESTER ROOF, LOOKING SOUTH-EAST"; *by C. R. W. Nevinson, A.R.A.*

"DESTROYER PICKING UP SURVIVORS"; *by Richard Eurich, A.R.A. (Admiralty Artist)*
(PAINTED FOR THE NATION'S WAR RECORDS).

EVEN a wartime Royal Academy is an event, and this year of grace and war shows no diminution of its variety, though well-known names are absent owing to war duty. On these pages we have a painting by each of the two newly-elected R.A.s—a typically precise, formal and delicate "Winter Morning, Beckhole," by Algernon Newton, and an equally characteristic portrait of a Wren by T. C. Dugdale. A. K. Browning, Mr. Dugdale's wife, has an amusing picture "on the line" of a man in a bedroom whom many will recognise as her husband, entitled

[*Continued opposite.*

"MUSIC"; *by Steven Spurrier, A.R.A.*

N.B. A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.

SELECTIONS, 1943.

"WINTER M[illegible]NING, BECKHOLE, YORKSHIRE"; by *Algernon Newton, R.A.*

"THE QUARRY, JANUARY MORNING"; by *S. J. Lamorna Birch, R.A.*

"A SOUTH DEVON TOWN"; by *A. E. Cooper.*

"PARTISAN, 1940"; by *A. J. Munnings, R.A.*

"THE COUNTESS OF INCHCAPE"; by *David Jagger.*

"WREN ZANA SEALE"; by *T. C. Dugdale, R.A.*

Continued.]

"Last Up." Steven Spurrier's charmingly Victorian interior, "Music," is one of his two contributions on election as one of the year's A.R.A.s. Nevinson's "London Triumphant" is one of two paintings done from the Dorchester roof, showing a city in a haze of unruffled calm after four years of war. The Home Guard "Partisan, 1940," is Munnings in a new, vigorous mood, and the two paintings by Admiralty artist Richard Eurich are documentaries of the Dieppe commando raid and a rescue by destroyer.

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YOUTH'S PROUD LIVERY AT THE PRINCE OF WALES.

IRIS COOPER.

JEAN TELFER *and* EVETTE HUNTLEY.

MERCIA YOUNG.

TRISS HENDERSON.

LENI LYNN.

MARIANNE LINCOLN.

TINA ROBINSON.

IRMAN VERNAY.

MARGARET McGRATH.

GEORGE BLACK has introduced West End audiences to a delightful selection of members of the rising generation of stage favourites in his show "STRIKE A NEW NOTE," at the Prince of Wales. Here are ten of them, all as gifted and lively as they are decorative.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROYE.

LENI LYNN is the singer in "Mr. Strauss Goes to Town," and the Screen-Struck Young Lady in "Screen Souvenir." Marianne Lincoln's numbers include "What 's It All About?" and "You 've Got It." Margaret McGrath is the Shop Steward and the Angel.

The pirate Jamie Waring (TYRONE POWER) *claims Margaret Denby* (MAUREEN O'HARA), *beautiful daughter of the Governor, for his prize.*

Margaret Denby in the hands of the pirates. She has been kidnapped. Captain Billy Leech (GEORGE SANDERS) *is the central figure on the right.*

Henry Morgan, pirate captain (LAIRD CREGAR), *arrives with the news that he has been pardoned by the King and appointed Governor.*

Captain Leech (GEORGE SANDERS), *who refuses to give up piracy, gets his information about the whereabouts of treasure ships from Ingram* (EDWARD ASHLEY).

Captain Waring, who gave up piracy with Captain Henry Morgan, woos the reluctant Margaret. He is rendering first aid after a riding accident.

BUCCANEERS AHOY! THRILLS OF "THE BLACK SWAN."

"THE BLACK SWAN," 20th Century-Fox film based on the thrilling exploits of the famous seventeenth-century pirate, Captain Henry Morgan, who gave up buccaneering and became Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica, was due to open at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on Friday, April 30. Rafael Sabatini's story is full of dramatic incidents, and has the dashing Captain Jamie Waring as hero. Jamie follows Morgan, partly because he admires him, but also because he has fallen in love with Margaret Denby, daughter of the former Governor of Jamaica. Margaret is engaged to the foppish Ingram, who turns out to be hand in glove with the pirate Captain Leech, but Jamie successfully disposes of this double-faced rival.

A seventeenth-century sea battle re-created: Captain Leech's "Black Swan" sails into action against Captain Waring's ships in Maracaibo Harbour.

CONGREVE'S HIGH-SPIRITED "LOVE FOR LOVE"—

Debt-ridden Valentine (JOHN GIELGUD) *immures himself with his faithful servant Jeremy* (MAX ADRIAN), *but swears: "I'll pursue Angelica with more love than ever!"*

To evade his financial troubles Valentine feigns madness. When his father, Sir Sampson Legend (CECIL TROUNCER) *calls, he cries, "Ha! Who's that?" Scandal* (LEON QUARTERMAINE) *croons "For heaven's sake, Sir, softly. Don't provoke him!"*

Valentine tries to persuade his lovely Angelica (ROSALIE CRUTCHLEY), *that he loves no one but herself, and that he is far from mad. Angelica however, to tease and to test him says: "I would I had loved you, for heaven knows I pity you."*

Ben (GEORGE WOODBRIDGE), *Valentine's younger brother, and Miss Prue* (ANGELA BADDELEY), *clumsy, hoydenish daughter of Foresight, take an instant dislike to each other. Miss Prue's reaction is: "You stinking tar-barrel!"*

CONGREVE'S sprightly Restoration comedy now at the Phœnix was first performed in 1695. Its brilliant success brought the playwright a share in the theatre on condition that he promised to produce a new play every year. But "Love for Love" was the play that lived, and has been

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

—IN A REX WHISTLER SETTING.

Buckram the Lawyer (D. J. WILLIAMS), *bringing deeds of renunciation of his succession* *r Valentine's signature, backs away, crying : " Oh, Lord, let me* *gone. I will not venture myself with a madman ! " as the young man advances on him.*

Satirically watching the love-affair of her loutish step-daughter, Miss Prue, and Ben, Mrs. Foresight (MARIAN SPENCER) *laughs to Mrs. Frail* (YVONNE ARNAUD) *: " They have quarrelled, just as we could wish."*

nniless Tattle (LESLIE BANKS) *and Mrs. Frail, fortune-hunter,* *e tricked into marriage with one another. Mrs. Frail : " Ay,* *! 'tis well it 's no worse ! " Ben sits listening, and the servant* LEC MASON) *and nurse* (NAOMI JACOB) *are in the background.*

Angelica : " There are a great many horned beasts among the twelve signs, uncle. That makes my aunt go abroad." Foresight (MILES MALLESON), *an illiterate old fellow, peevish and positive, superstitious, with pretensions to astrology, palmistry, omens and dreams, is Angelica's uncle.*

revived many times. Dryden maintained that Congreve was the equal of Shakespeare. That, perhaps, is open to debate, but there are few theatre-goers who will regret that John Gielgud has seen fit to produce this play in collaboration with distinguished cast which has both qualities of zest and vitality.

CECIL BEATON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THE Symbolist Movement in poetry was French in origin. Its chief exponents, Baudelaire, Verlaine and Mallarmé, protested with noble eloquence against the scientific art of an age which had lost much of its belief in traditional religion and hoped to find a substitute in the search for truth. The essence of Symbolism is its insistence on a world of ideal beauty, and its conviction that this is realised through art. This ideal world, this world above the senses, is most readily apprehended in music, of all arts the most direct in its action on the emotions; and one aim of the Symbolists was "to take back from music what poets had lost to it." Mallarmé even believed that a poet could use words as a substitute for sounds to produce a purely musical effect. In this objective he failed, as he was bound to; for "words are concerned with ideas and poetry is made of words." The French Symbolists, like their English counterparts of the Æsthetic Movement, had to be content with using words in such a way as to convey the maximum of suggestion, implication and overtone. Mallarmé often invested words with special, private meanings the laity could not hope to understand. Their general appeal was thereby lessened—the more so that they ruled out from the subject-matter of poetry politics, ethics, and general ideas, and disowned any intention of teaching or preaching.

The Five Inheritors. The principal poets to inherit the ideas of the Symbolists were Paul Valéry, Rilke, Stefan George, Alexander Blok and William Butler Yeats. In their art they all put this inheritance to different uses; and it is Dr. Bowra's task to trace in each poet the development which took him away—in most cases it was away—from the strict search for a world of ideal beauty. Of the five, Valéry and Rilke remained the most faithful to their quest. Their poetry turns inward; it is the fruit of the inter-action of intellect and sensibility—although Valéry admits that "It is life that counts. Against the call of action the immortality of the dead and the abstract aloofness of meditation fail to make their claim." Rilke, too, came to recognise the value of phenomena outside himself, but only as the necessary food of his poetical inspiration, the medium which enabled him, once he had identified himself with it, to enjoy the ecstasy of creative activity; he drew no sustenance from daily life and spent in misery and despair the years when his Muse was sterile. But the others all came to interest themselves in the world outside, and especially in politics. Stefan George's idealisation of his dead friend, Maximin, persuaded him that here was a pattern, an exemplar to which all the youth of Germany should aspire. He became a national hero as well as a great literary figure; the Nazis honoured and tried to claim him, but though he rejected their overtures with disdain, he, too, had at one time believed in redemption through bloodshed. "His motives were excellent but he aggravated a deep disease in the German people." Similarly Alexander Blok turned from his spiritual association with the "Beautiful Lady" of his imaginings to a preoccupation with the condition of Russia and an acquiescence in the blood-bath of the Revolution as the means (odd as it may seem) to reconcile mankind with a "musical" order of Nature. And even Yeats, that spiritual aristocrat, who once believed poetry to be "a record of a state of trance," descended from his majestic and remote Parnassus to mingle in his country's political hurly-burly—choosing to portray himself, in some of his latest verses, as a ragamuffin poet, "a genial figure of fun, dirty and disreputable."

I have only had space to indicate general tendencies. "The Heritage of Symbolism" is a wonderful book. Dr. Bowra's analysis of the poetry—sometimes, not always, rather difficult poetry—in which the minds of the poets can be seen modifying and adapting their inheritance, is amazing in its intellectual power and its unwearied sensibility. He distinguishes between ideas with the ease and certainty of another man distinguishing between motor-cars; he writes with the austerity of a scholar, but in language of exemplary simplicity. His book is not only a memorable interpretation of the achievement of one group of poets; it affirms and reaffirms the eternal value of all poetry to the spirit of man.

NATIONAL FIRE SERVICE WOMEN DISPATCH RIDERS *are now going through a toughening course which includes a number of difficult exercises designed to give them complete mastery of their machines under all circumstances. Reminiscent of the circus, the almost* haute école *exercise shown here aims to develop that perfect sense of balance which is necessary for a first-rate rider.*

Three Generations. To Daphne Merton, daughter of a beautiful mother and mother of a beautiful daughter, her own beauty was a responsibility and a charge. She had for it the veneration of a priestess for a sacred flame, and the same dread of its extinction. She was now in the late forties and someone said "Her beauty is still challenging but no longer exultant." She told her fears to her friend, a contemporary, Gertrude Blake, a plain woman whose common sense and uncommon power of sympathy had made her as necessary as the air they breathed to the three generations at Glade Hall. "Mother hasn't fought age, but she has disarmed it. My face will be all clenched with die-hard determination. Is there anything quite so grim as an ex-beauty?" Uncertain of herself despite her many talents (she is the fountain-head of half the wit which sparkles in "One Sparkling Wave"), Daphne was at odds with her daughter Lark, whose unflinching modernity of outlook made her feel "dated," and whose rebellious attachment to a rather dingy Lothario alarmed her. She entrusted to "Available" (the nickname by which Miss Blake, always at hand in an emergency, was known) the delicate task of sending the man about his business.

At Glade Hall, where the circumstances of life were easy, grace, beauty and charm held the field. In Dr. Blake's ugly little house all was struggle, hurry and hard work. A fiery little man, devoted to his daughter and his dog, subject to paroxysms of laughter dangerous to his frail physique, he spent himself on his patients and his money on hospitality to worn-out horses. With one part of his nature he bitterly resented his daughter's enslavement to the white magic of Glade Hall. "Damn charm!" he would say, and he diagnosed the troubles, fancied and real, of the three sirens, in the harshest medical terms.

Contrasts. The two households, the decorative and the useful, the two women, the coloured and the plain, make a striking and subtle contrast. But though contrasted they are not opposed; they are seen as complementary to each other, and from their interaction spring many deliciously amusing episodes—Available's talk at the Women's Institute, and the preparations for the pageant organised by the incomparable Miss Triton, whose every word is a joy. From Available's solicitude for Daphne, her unconscious gift of finding self-fulfilment in another's interests, flow the plot and pattern of the story. Lady Cynthia Asquith's irrepressible sense of comedy is balanced by a fundamentally sober outlook on life. The humours of the Mediterranean cruise, the excitements over Daphne's play, the ingenious and diverting, if improbable, devices which solve two of the chief problems in the story, are the fireworks of an imagination well accustomed to the dark. Æsthetically the two moods are never completely reconciled; one might say, in criticism, that a story should not be by turns so carefree and so sad. But undoubtedly they enrich the texture of this high-spirited, serious-minded book, and make it, what every novel should be, an entertainment of the first order.

Monsters in Ireland. Another allegory! I face up to it with nervous misgiving, rather in the spirit of the peasants and fishermen of the Irish village in Mr. Stephen Gilbert's story, when they learned that a landslide had uncovered not only a prehistoric jungle but also the fauna that were native to it, including a dragon, a sea-serpent, a pink tubular creature with the affectionate characteristics of a dog, and many more. However, at this safe distance I do not feel as hostile to the phenomenon as they did. My sympathies are with the boy, Wolfe Emmet, who tells the story, and his grandfather, who gave the creatures from the old world a friendly welcome, and against his father and mother, who, like the villagers at large, looked upon them as manifestations of the Devil. Most of all, perhaps, does one sympathise with Father Binyon, the parish priest, who had declared that man is lord over the animals, but who could not help recognising in these monsters, so fearsome to the eye, certain desirable qualities which the world of to-day, even before the introduction of railways, had lost. Still, he could not countenance this interference with the normal order of things, and said to Wolfe's grandfather (the two had made their home with the monsters): "Have you never thought that all this is unnatural and exceptional, and that the exceptional does not last?"

What is perplexing to those who would see in "The Landslide" a symbol of man's instinctive antagonism to a phenomenon he does not understand is that the animals, though, of course, more amiable than the human beings who have provoked them, do not behave in an exemplary fashion: they terrorise the village and exact tribute from it. Nor is the dénouement at all what one expected.

An Excellent Detective Story. The people at "The Conqueror Inn" are hardly so fantastic as some of the characters in "Diabolic Candelabra"; they are wholly three-dimensional. But the lonely and bare uplands had had their effect and impregnated the family with a secret aloofness that did nothing to make Inspector Owen's task easier. The story gains from its level tone; in spite of the complex plot it never becomes disjointed. One or two of the stock conventions of the detective story raise their mass-produced heads, but the puzzle is admirably constructed.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Heritage of Symbolism. By C. M. Bowra. (*Macmillan; 15s.*)
One Sparkling Wave. By Lady Cynthia Asquith. (*Michael Joseph; 8s. 6d.*)
The Landslide. By Stephen Gilbert. (*Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.*)
The Conqueror Inn. By E. R. Punshon. (*Gollancz; 8s. 6d.*)

ALL-SERVICES "NOAH" ON THE ROCK.

Mrs. Noah (GWEN MANISON), *Noah* (ANTHONY QUAYLE) *and Ham* (CYRIL WROE, *an R.E. from Bradford) in Major Quayle's production at Gibraltar.*

Noah, on board the Ark, discovers Ham in the act of whipping the Bear into a dance. Ham tries to excuse himself to his father.

In the cabin of the Ark: Noah, Mrs. Noah, Sella (BETTY KEITH), *Naomi* (DIANA CARRINGTON-EVANS), *Ada* (ANNETTE RICARDO), *Ham, Japhet* (RICHARD BLYTHE) *and Shem* (LYN HARRIS; *l. to r.).*

Noah is interrupted by the Wild Man (MARCHANT SMITH) *when he is about to explain to his family the reasons for his decision to start building the Ark.*

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER BETTY KEITH, W.R.N.S., THIRD OFFICER ANNETTE RICARDO *and* WREN GWEN MANISON *in the dressing-room of the Theatre Royal, Gibraltar.*

"NOAH," the well-known play by André Obey, which enjoyed such a big success in its original French version, produced by Michel Saint-Denis, and in the translation with Gielgud in the title rôle, has been given at Gibraltar with an all-Services cast. Major Anthony Quayle, the well-known actor, who is now serving in the R.A., took the name-part and presented the play, which filled the Theatre Royal, Gibraltar, to capacity during its run. The cast consisted of Service men and of Wren officers and other ranks.

The three orphan girls, Naomi, Sella and Ada, are welcomed by Noah when they appear in the forest clearing where he is occupied in building the Ark.

" I want to talk to you about your play " : Garry Essendine (NOEL COWARD) with his tiresome pseudo-intellectual admirer, Roland Maule (JAMES DONALD).

" Go away—go away all of you—I can't bear any more " : Garry exasperated by Liz (JOYCE CAREY), Morris (DENNIS PRICE), Hugo (GERALD CASE) and Joanna (JUDY CAMPBELL).

COWARD'S LUXURY-LIFE COMEDY: "PRESENT LAUGHTER."

NOEL COWARD'S two first nights were the theatrical events of the week in London, and were fixed for Thursday, April 29, and Friday, April 30, at the Haymarket. " PRESENT LAUGHTER " is a luxury-life comedy with Garry Essendine, popular actor, as leading character. Garry is about to start off on a foreign tour, and has to break loose from a lot of entanglements. There is Roland, tiresome pseudo-intellectual; Joanna, determined and predatory siren; to say nothing of Daphne Stillington and Garry's own wife, Liz. The comedy concerns itself with his break-away from them all.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.

" You know perfectly well that you have been unfaithful to Hugo with Morris . . ." Liz Essendine tackles the predatory Joanna Lyppiatt.

Joanna Lyppiatt, fascinating, amoral and heartless beauty, sets her cap at the distinguished actor Garry Essendine, and looks like getting him easily.

COWARD'S WORKING-CLASS-LIFE COMEDY: "THIS HAPPY BREED."

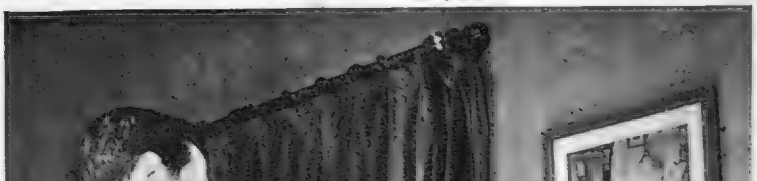
"THIS HAPPY BREED," Noel Coward's comedy of working-class life, was due at the Haymarket on April 30. It is the story of the Gibbons family, set against the events of 1919-1939. Frank is the father of three children. The boy, Reg, is inclined to hold Communist views; one of the girls marries and settles down, and another goes off with a married man, but is "let down" by him, and brought back by the Boy Next Door, whom she marries. The fortunes of the Gibbons family are presented in a kind of "Cavalcade" manner, and are by turns pathetic and light-heartedly gay.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.

NOEL COWARD as *Frank Gibbons, father of the working-class family in* "THIS HAPPY BREED."

"I suppose I ought to be giving you a few bits of fatherly advice by rights": Frank Gibbons with his son, Reg (BILLY THATCHER), *who has been in a rough-and-tumble at a Communist meeting.*

"I don't seem to 'ave 'ad time for a really good look since I've been back": Frank Gibbons with his wife, Ethel, on the day that they move into their new house, and are still struggling with the unpacking and settling in.



"So you're come back, have you?—you bad girl": Ethel with her prodigal daughter, Queenie (JENNIFER GRAY), *and Billy* (JAMES DONALD), *who has always loved her, and has succeeded in bringing her home.*

BY · PASS.*

By JOANNA MARKHAM.

THE funeral cars were tearing along. "They want to get it over quickly," remarked the official from the Ministry of Labour, whom Miranda happened to be driving. Belatedly, he raised his hat, feeling he, too, should pay some perfunctory homage to the dead—the unknown dead, a man or woman, who lay within the light wood coffin, wreath-encircled.

For a brief moment their eyes had rested on it as the hearse flashed past, followed by large undertakers' cars, filled with grave people dressed in black.

So the dead was hurried forward, in the bright June sunshine, along the hard asphalt of the by-pass . . . to the crematorium, no doubt, to be turned into a handful of light ashes. How different from the dignity that, in olden times, attended man's passing!

"They want to get it over quickly," she reflected, her heart contracting with pity for them.

Her passenger got out to visit the factory beside the road. She went on thinking how the dead had passed. . . . No flowers were dropped upon the tarmac; no tears were shed. Cars and lorries thundered by, 'planes roared overhead, caring nothing that the dead had passed.

Suddenly she became aware of an unseen stranger standing by the open window of the car, who said: "I was unknown to you when in the body: why, now that I have left it, do you feel concern for me?"

"Because you may be alone," Miranda answered.

"I was, but your thought went hand-in-hand with me."

A lark's song was clearly heard above the traffic's roar.

A slight embarrassment invaded her. "Was I impertinent?" she asked.

"To impose your thought upon me? No. But in the body I was just as lonely. None of those you saw in cars following my shell was ever really close to me. I was not attractive, having a self-centred and suspicious nature; nor did I ever find anyone to love me . . . unless . . ." the voice hesitated, then went on: "From a feeling of apartness I became hostile to my fellows, passionately as I longed to love and to be loved."

"Then why have you come to talk to me?"

"Because you felt compassion for me."

"So, no doubt, did many others."

"Your thought alone reached me."

Miranda shivered slightly. She did not really wish to know the owner of the whispering voice. Since sex is surely an attribute of body, she could not bring herself to ask whether it were a man or woman who held her thus in conversation.

"Neither: just a disembodied spirit," said the stranger. Her mind was, then, open to be read! Was there no privacy beyond?

"No: we appear to 'think each in each, immediately wise,'" came the answer to her unspoken thought. She felt the stranger smiling.

"Ah, then"—her voice was happy—"there will be no loneliness. It will be seen how you long to love and to be loved. Pride, reserve and prejudice—the bricks that built the wall around you—will have no longer the power to shut you out and hide you. People will know you as you are for the first time in your life."

"And understand my motives for past actions?"

"Certainly." Miranda sounded reassuring. "But you must remember how we on our side know next to nothing of conditions in your world. Many teachers have claimed to do so, and called those heretics who did not accept their doctrines. Indeed, such wrangles in the past made people kill each other by the thousand. . . ."

"Kill each other, did you say?" The voice was startled. "That reminds me. . . . Long ago I killed my wife, Pelagia. . . . She was just such a person as you mention—dogmatic, certain she was right. She had a way of laying down the law in a high, metallic voice, with so much emphasis on certain words that, at last, I found her unendurable. She knew everything about the after-life, the occult meaning of the simplest thing, the way to attain perfection. . . . As time went on she talked of nothing else. Heavens, how she bored me! Yet I was fond of her to start with. I thought we understood each other. But once these studies had obsessed her it was more than I could stand, trained occultist as I was myself. And so, reluctantly, I killed her, for I dislike making such decisions. I was happier without her, and I think that in all probability I did her a great service, for she could, much more profitably, pursue her hobby here."

"Did you meet with no punishment?" Miranda asked in shocked surprise.

There was a hint of smiling in the answer. "None. Not even mental. Indeed, I was rewarded by the relief that I experienced. Her death was painless, and arranged so naturally that even at the inquest—an inquest without a body—I felt no alarm."

"And when you meet her shortly, as you doubtless will . . ."

He answered simply. "If she has shed her exaggerations we might get on together—otherwise I shall shun her company."

"Sinclair, dearest Sinclair!" another voice broke in. "I've often longed to thank you for hurrying me on! I've been far happier since I came here, and I see how right you were. Look at the golden crown I'm wearing. Does it suit me? I'm on my way to the Seven Stars Stadium to hear Dr. Lifta speak. He's the great Authority on Sublimial Effort. To know Who's Who is most important here."

"Has she learnt nothing?" Sinclair growled. "Is it possible I can't shake her off?"

"Don't worry!" Pelagia exclaimed. "I'm far too busy to spend much time on you."

Miranda felt her hurrying away, uncomfortably aware that Sinclair's attention was once more focused upon her.

"It is you I need as a companion. Our minds are tuned to one another. Would you care to join me?" His remark did nothing to allay her fears.

She shivered. "What nonsense are you talking?" This was too much, even for one so naturally polite as she.

"Nonsense?" She could feel him smiling. "Translation is a very simple matter. Unfortunately, I was not far enough advanced to apply it to myself."

"Till my time comes I prefer to think of other things," said Miranda firmly. "Good-bye."

She tried to close the window, only to find it held in place by some opposing power. Distinctly she heard the whispering voice: "Join me willingly," it pleaded. "If not, I'll have to use constraint. I was a master of occult powers on earth. I used them to disintegrate my wife, and now I almost wish I hadn't. It's simpler and quicker if you come of your free will."

"You forget I have a family," she protested, feeling unable to get up or call.

"On the contrary, I feel for them; but life is precarious these days. A chance bomb might disintegrate you all. Join me willingly, I beg."

Indignantly she answered, "How dare you interfere like this with the lives of strangers?"

"Why not? The bomber does it every day. Power is intoxicating. If one has it one will use it on occasion." And, even as he spoke, she felt a tingling sensation—not painful, not unpleasant, but disturbing, reminding her, perhaps, of pins and needles. Nor was her mind unaffected by it, her emotions seeming to be shaken up, curiosity coming to the top like cream.

"I am translating you but a few years before your time," he said, "saving you perhaps from a tedious illness, a painful accident"; and, even as he spoke, she saw that her thick skirt was becoming thin as chiffon, her heavy shoes as fragile as oil-silk.

She put out her hand to start the car and saw the dash-board through it; she tried to shut the window, but even as she turned the winder her hand vanished.

"How nice to have you here!" she heard him saying. "There seem to be charming things to show you."

"Wait a moment!" she exclaimed. "I forgot to lock the car."

"You can no longer hold the key; I will do it for you."

"A note! I must leave a note!" she cried. "My satchel's beneath the driving seat. Write what I tell you."

"Naturally," said Sinclair soothingly.

"Dearest Tom," she dictated, "I don't expect you will believe me, but I've been translated. At a first glance things do not seem unpleasant. Of course, I hate to leave you all, but the decision didn't rest with me. What a mercy the elder children are in the Services, and that you have Daphne to help you till she joins the A.T.S. in March. I hope Mrs. Barnes will go on coming, but I doubt if she will do the shopping. You'll find the food books in the cupboard, with all those hateful points and coupons. The keys are in my desk, and the laundry goes on Tuesday mornings. I'm not dead—I've been translated, so it's no good searching for my body. The police are overworked already. I know you'll miss me, but don't worry, dear. I expect you'll join me before long. Devotedly, Miranda."

Through the agency of Sinclair the letter was put upon the seat, Miranda distinctly hearing the closing of the windows, the locking of the door.

The composition of the letter was an effort. She felt exhausted, not unnaturally, perhaps, after so remarkable an ordeal.

On a breeze of azalea scent she moved away towards blue distant mountains, with almost a feeling of relief.

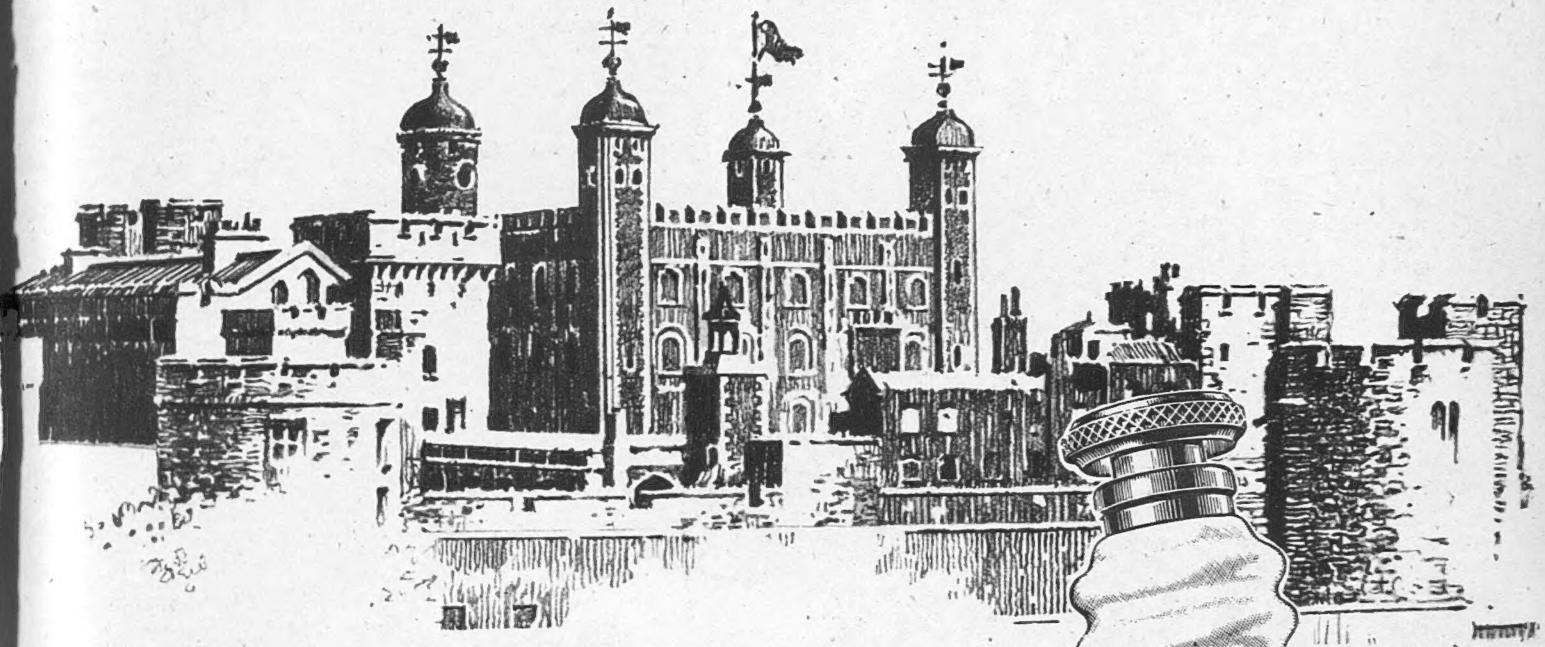
The official of the Ministry of Labour, returning some fifty minutes later, found the car locked, the driver vanished.

"Damn it!" he said. "I'll miss my train."

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

DEPENDABILITY



The Tower of London had its beginnings in a building erected by Julius Cæsar about 40 B.C. The Tower of London as we know it, dates from the year 1078 when William the Conqueror began the White Tower to overawe the citizens of London. Although much of the Tower was rebuilt and restored between 1852 and 1900, its fascinating history, its legends and traditions have lived on through the centuries. To-day, we can say of the Tower of London, as millions throughout the world say of Champion Plugs, "*There's* Dependability for you!"

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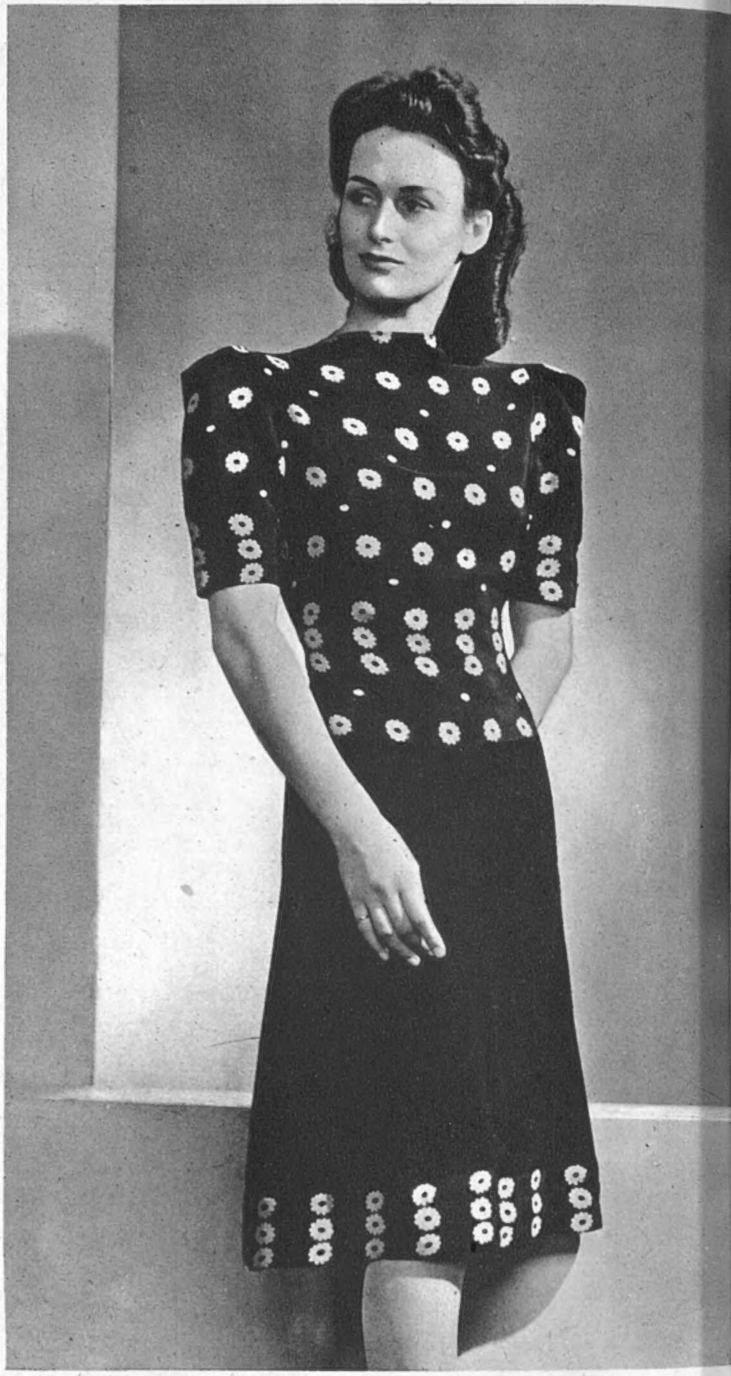

IT is always pleasant to visit Harrods, Knightsbridge, as it is a storehouse of fashions which are in harmony with the times. The simple frock on the left is made of a fancy summer fabric which suggests a crêpe. It has an off-white ground showing an original design, and is available in many colour schemes. A few words must be said about wedding frocks, some of which are of satin and others of llama, while it must not be overlooked that frocks of lace afford a pleasant surprise, as the coupon question is most satisfactory. This firm is pleased to utilise their clients' veils, which may, perhaps, have been worn by their grandmothers.

WOMEN IN WARTIME

HERE is an altogether charming hat from Molho's, 5, Duke Street, Manchester Square, which may appropriately be worn all the year round; its very simplicity increases its charm. Wine-coloured reptile skin has been used for its fashioning, enriched with fringe to tone. These salons have recently been opened, and have met with great success, the prices being pleasantly moderate.

THE pretty frock above also comes from Harrods, and is a pleasant contrast to the one on the left. It is made in a soft black fancy crêpe, the hem and corsage portion being strewn with multi-coloured spots, and will look as well on fine as on wet days. In the Suit Department will be found a variety of tailored corduroy coats and skirts; then there are the odd jackets, wonderfully utilitarian, as they may be varied with the assistance of blouses. Cardigan suits have their rôles to play; they have neat turn-over collars and button down the front. They may be worn open if desired.

SUMMER FROCKS IN PASTEL SHADES

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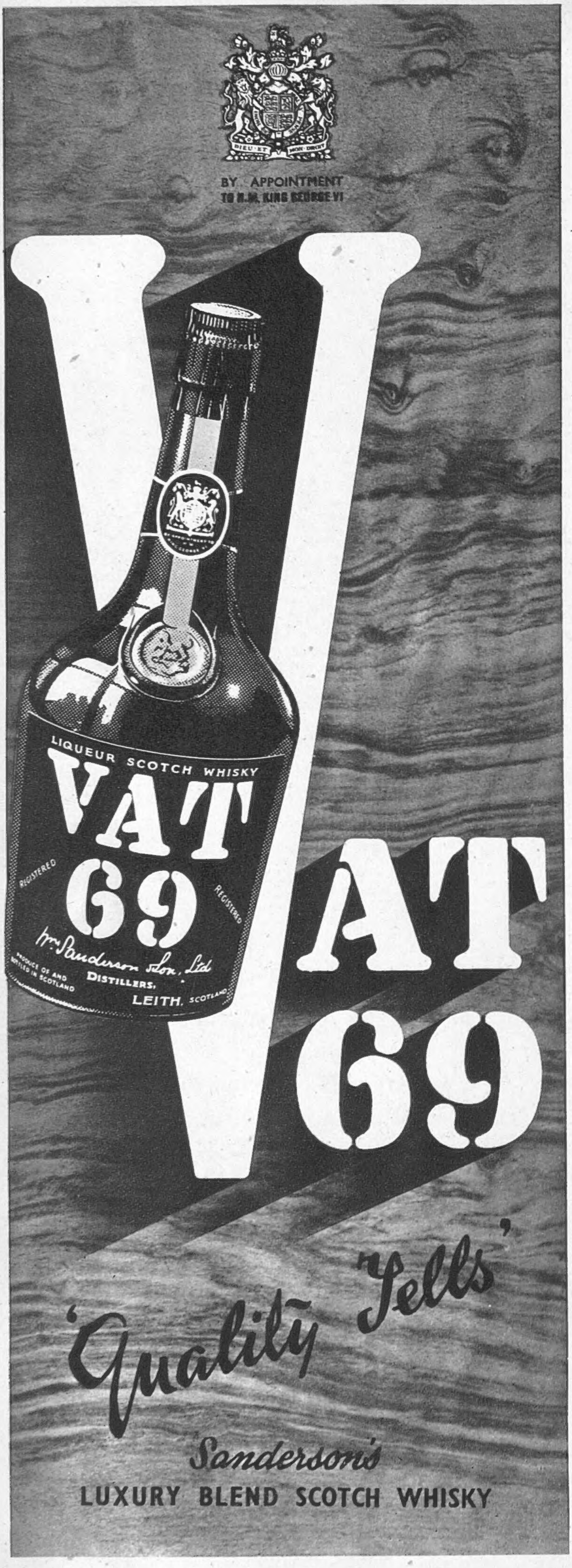
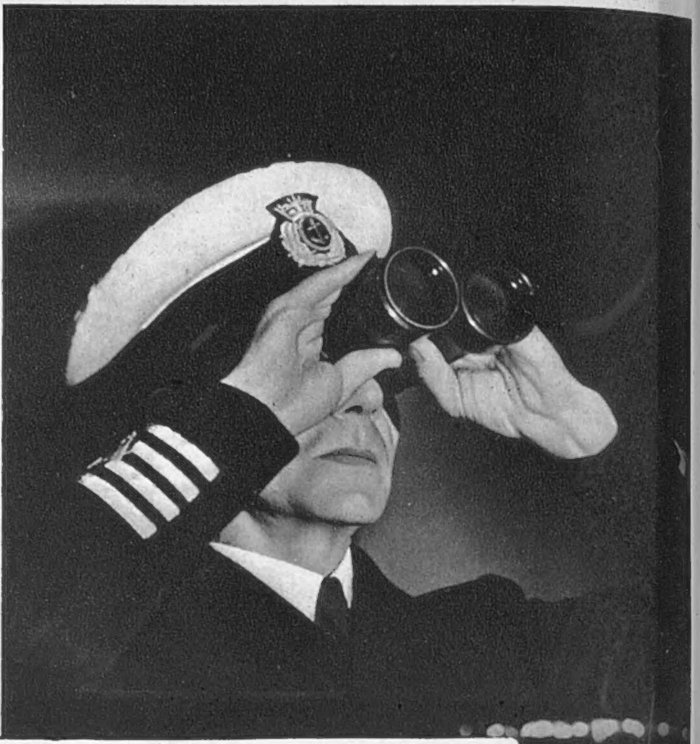
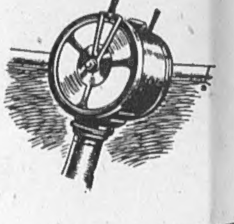




This fortitude

The little Scotsman grunts as he hands over to the mate; and, aching with fatigue, goes stiffly below. Cruising at ten knots in convoy . . . unceasing watch, merciless tension . . . We can't all be incomparable Captains in the Merchant Navy. But we *can* all be incomparable citizens—doing our watch on the bridge. wherever it may be, with the same unfaltering fortitude, the same sense of responsibility for bringing our wartime cargo and crew safely into port. We can all bring this spirit into our wartime tasks. The spirit that generations to come will remember with pride as they ask: "*But for their fortitude . . . .?*"



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